

THE LARGER LIFE

SHERIDAN FORD



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THE
LARGER LIFE

By MR FORD

ART: A COMMODITY

THE EMBELLISHMENT OF LIFE

THE ART OF FOLLY

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THE
LARGER LIFE

BY
SHERIDAN FORD

NEW YORK
GEORGE E. CROSCUP & CO.
MCMIV

110138
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12/5/11



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BY SHERIDAN FORD

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

To
FRANKLIN FORD

*THE circling Spheres go racing down the voids,
And the inconstant Seasons change and fade,
While one unfading and ennobling Faith
Flames in your mental skies ; fair as the dawn
That ushers in the glad and triumphing day
When Truth, the Ultimate, the Avenger,
Shall bear to men the tidings BE OF HOPE !
The earnest of the new intelligence
When she shall still the old, unhappy Fear,
And scatter blessings where all faith was dead,
And drive Despair, unfriended, to the Pit.*

*The sane and vivid vision that you saw
When all the world was blind or would not see,
Shall yet enrich the nation of your pride
With organized, august publicity ;
Yet clear the Temple of the Verbalists
And function blithe Fact-finders ere they pass
To the Unbroken Silence toil endears.*

*And if, for a brief space, the stealing hours
May darken counsel and make wild the ways
That lead to Unity ; ah, then not less
Shall men of mettle muster to the Cause,
The old, good Cause that will not be denied
Till hag-rid Chaos, vanquished, flees the field,
Nor escapes the end, the appointed end, that waits
When ordered Truth shall wing the laughing word.*

S. F.

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THE LARGER LIFE

I

I LIVE in no mean Republic, myself,
And know the quiet aims
That the moving intelligence brings to men
Unsung of climbing fames.

The faith of Democracy lights the land
From sentried sea to sea;
And degrading opinion does not thrive
Since fact has functioned free.

Lo, this is the nation where two and two
When added make but four,
And never five, as the Primitives said
That failed to keep the score.

The men of To-morrow are on the march,
And antient fictions fade,
For the Fact-finders carry full-circle
Where truth is wooed by trade.

The bars are down between thought and act,
The seeing soul is freed ;
The expression is one with Life itself,
And action, one with creed.

II

THE sorceries of the inventive mind
Make this the Golden Age,
For pagan myths are usual and mild
Since Science turned the page.

Electric wires in mystic meshes stretch
And thrill the girdled earth,
Till space is sensitized from pole to pole
For every fact of worth,

And the wireless messages come and go
Where'er the need is found,
As intelligence travels like magic
The grey globe round and round.

The telephone of the tremulous coil
That parted voices span,
Has conquered long distance and given birth
To the Freed Speech of man.

And out of the calling cities and towns,
And down the steel-flung trail,
The spirit of steam goes quiring to men
The pæan of the rail.

And free of the far-shimmering harbours,
The Liners race and run
To the jocund beat of the plunging Screws
That make the nations one ;

They float the flag of Commercial Romance
From zone to farther zone;
The old flag that the austral fires have blazed,
The boreal night has known.

III

THE unities thro' Commerce are forming¹
That yield the perfect State;
The individual functions to the full,
The credit-paths are straight.

The related man reaches to action
In Nature's vast machine,
A part of the world-moving organism,
Subjected yet serene.

The rim is in clear call of the centre,
The centre of the rim;
And the battery where the Fact-finder sits
Marks oneness to the brim.

When the part is in order with the whole,
In tranquil touch sans strife,
Friction is lessened to the point of ease,
And lo, the larger life!

So the two enthusiasms of men —
The Study and the Mart —
Are to shed their exclusive pretensions,
And seek a common art.

IV

THE distinctions are never hard or fast.
Physical science men
Are failing to locate matter so far
In all their pregnant ken:

Each new isolation is found to be
A new relation still,
And so the relationship stretches on
Beyond their midway skill.

A crystal thought is the concept that rose
Thro' study of man's frame; ²
His sympathetic and cerebral nerves
Reveal organic aim.

Applying the thought to the social form,
The State is seen to be
A supreme work of art that is fashioned
To ply in sympathy:

For in treating it men have proceeded,
Thro' painful ways and slow,
By the only pattern provided them
In Life's unpausing flow.

V

THE new State is a system of organs,
And thro' each pulsing part
The moving intelligence comes and goes
To shape the social art.

Ere the general interest functions,
And consciousness is clear,
A few unrelated class interests
Are causing idle fear.

They type the false growths round a broken joint
Within the frame of man
If the setting has been too long delayed
To suit the surgeon's plan.

So Commerce acts as re-forming agent,
In brutal guise but sure,
Thro' the incoming of the newer thought —
The Competition Cure!

VI

IN the wide revision of working-lines
That nurtured needs invite,
The competitive principle appears
In a redeeming light.

While the many are viewed as competing
When all are fighting each
Thro' the tendering of lower prices,
That hasty Cheap Jacks teach —

To view it from the numerical point,
And from that point alone,
Is to overlook the play of the Trust
Where quality is shown.

With the saner and centralized action,
Competition may rise
To include the possible price-cutting
That keen consumers prize.

To advance each division of Commerce
Unto the higher plane
Is to follow the Law of Production
That merges art and gain.

The finer quality and lower price
Compel the larger sale :
This simple rule of the unified Trust
Was never born to fail.

Competition is but the social force
Trained on a common end :
'T is unthinkable between men and things
Save thro' a social trend.

VII

COMMERCE is the moving Spirit of Man ⁸
That stands for every act,
As the collective division of labour
That turns upon the fact.

The primary division of labour
In the organic State
Lies midway between the fact and the act,
For Science to relate :

It is the intelligence division —
The news trade, if you please —
That has to rise to the level of fact,
Or scientific ease :

For no State can reach organization,
Authentic and sun-clear,
Till division between the fact and act
Is ordered and austere.

There 's division but not separation —
As known to central sight —
For the fact is completed in the act
When thought is winged in flight.

Our reliance on the astronomer
To learn the hour and place
To best observe an eclipse of the sun —
The points in time and space —

Will convey the abounding relation
Between the fact and deed,
For the fact is one side of the action —
The side that has the lead.

VIII

It was Commerce invented integrity
And gave to Truth her wings;
And the social salvation principle
Still unto Commerce clings.

It is clearly on profit-seeking lines
(Which dowered pedants flout)
That the social reorganization
Is being brought about.

The simple and free-working relation
In which the classes meet
Was not born of the charity concept,
Or sentimental bleat.

As men are brave to the point of parting
From their Utopian dreams,
They confess that Commerce, the butt of cant,
Lights life with saving gleams.

IX

THE clash of interest that frightens some
Is music to my ears,
For I catch in its torn and tangled chords,
Of crowding hopes and fears,

The undertones of the process thro' which
Society shall reach
Unto the last differentiation
The unities may teach,

And so come at last, in God's own good hour,
To see its Self in deed
As a living and thriving organism
In touch with every need.

The division but marks the relation ⁴
In any age or clime,
For the onward sweep of the principle
Is one with lapsing Time.

X

THE Self, in relation, has ever been
The Charmer of mankind,
As the binding-force of society
And driving-force of mind.

The old conception of politics
Put Self and State apart,
And the separation was frozen hard
In Blackstone's static art ;

But the influence that brought it about
Will make it disappear,
For the locomotive and telegraph
Have drawn the Distant near.

The old, separate classifications
Marked separated men ;
With the elimination of distance,
They seek a common ken.

The collective action has grown so fierce
That organs of the whole
Are transcending the classifications
That traced the old control.

XI

It is the story of social progress
Of communication born,
That the Spirit of Inquiry opened
When mind saluted morn.

The lure of the Purple Distance has been
The stimulus of thought,
As to fathom its fabled mysteries
The old Fact-finders wrought.

The unceasing hunt of the absolute,
The always burning dream
To break the Great Silence that grimly rounds
Death's immemorial gleam,

Was ever in close alliance with those
That tracked, thro' evil days —
As the daring conquerors of distance —
The world's uncharted ways:

The philosopher and geographer
Have had a common quest:
The adventure of thought, the flight of mind,
Has wooed them East and West.

XII

THE social is but man in relation,
As, in this time and place,
There is nothing outside for hope or fear
To qualify or trace.

All action is social from first to last,
And government is seen
As collective action that types the Self
Where common needs are keen.

It is only division of labour,⁵
(Whate'er the State men claim),
And it has to be fairly recognized
As ordered private aim.

The functions of government, far and near,
Are individual led,
For, strange to say, every organ of State
Has a Self at its head.

It is always the individual,
However seen or shown,
Thro' his 'public' or 'private' relation
At any moment known.

There is no clear evidence yet to prove
That action by the State
Is more in the interest of the whole
Than private deeds equate.

Government and Commerce go hand in hand.
The organs of control
Arise with the forming consciousness
Of the collective whole.

The source of all law, or government,
Is scientific fact,
As the courts of arbitration assume
In measuring an act.

The long quest is political science
Since Runnymede arose
To type Democracy's idea
Where'er her bugle blows.

XIII

SCIENTIFIC truth is ceasing to be

The province of the few,
For, woven into the life of the world,
It functions thro' and thro'.

There are no scientific subjects

As lettered prigs maintain,
The subject of Science is all of Life,
Its laughter and its pain.

What the shrewd chemists call exact knowledge

Is order in the deed,
For any subject is scientific
When all its facts are freed.

The incoming science of politics

Is the science of news.
The compulsion that resides in a Fact
Gives Life its moving cues.

XIV

THRO' lack of political science
The Social Quacks debate
In all manner of mindless jargon
Over the coming State.

Once political science is ordered,
The vain dispute will cease,
And, like the working astronomers,
Men may confer in peace.

The literature of the groping mind
Insistently appeals
To the unified soldiers of Science
To trace the Law that heals.

Society must be objectified
Thro' systematic rule
Till the State is seen as an organism,
Or scientific tool.

The old organs that once were classified
As 'government' alone,
Must be set in relation to the whole,
And integration shown.

XV

As men but divide the better to work
Unto a common end,
The division of labour principle
Is world-wide in its trend.

The advance of the Self turns upon it
And, as division clears,
The dawn of the governing principle
In sunny guise appears.

So the true evolution of Commerce
And, therefore, of the State,
Is one with the division of labour —
The moving hand of fate.

The far-seeing science of politics
Has deftly to reveal
The major and the minor divisions
That form the commonweal.

So the Self will be set in relation
To the collective soul,
And the freed divisions of social force
Marked in the marching whole.

XVI

THE call of the hour is to clearly know
The trend in time and space
Of the fierce, world-compelling agencies
That Commerce has to face.

The locomotive and electric wire
Flash into full relief
The elimination of distance —
Of modern facts, the chief.

Comes the resultant co-ordination,
The new conceit of Life,
And political science emerges
To lessen civil strife.

Direct rule by the individual
Is passing into act,⁶
And Society finally faces
Self-government in fact.

XVII

MEN govern, as they are governed in turn,
Thro' each relation shown,
They mould and are moulded with every
thought,
However named or known.

Tho' the ballot-crazed Socialists murmur,
We all vote day and day,
In addition to formal occasions
That free the nose-count play.

The path-finder of the uplifting force
Governs his fellowmen
Thro' revealing the mental direction
That lights their lesser ken.

A clerk may outvote his official chief
In the compelling case,
And force the authentic action to life
For unborn years to face.

We rule in proportion to all our light
As measured by the fact
We bring to the centres of social sway
To shape the ordered act.

All kinds of Elections are hourly held
To fix the fate of man,
And seal the august and final decrees
Beyond our guess or plan.

XVIII

THE unconscious ones are the amateurs
Of science and the arts.
Those that aim at political healing
Must know the social parts.

The ordered and ordering mind is rare,
And when it comes in view
It will either be crowned or crucified
To suit the ruling crew.

Till the right is ready, might is right
Down all Life's tragic slope;
The Bigot says *should*; but Science says *is*,
And lightens toil with hope.

XIX

IN the mental darkness men stab and slay :
Publicity sheds light.
The normal direction is ever found
Thro' seeing fact aright :

Thus Democracy's only salvation
Is still to organize:
So shall it pass to the higher plane,
So, and not otherwise.

Intelligence *is* organization,
For unity of need —
So light making in its ultimate trend —
Will never darken deed.

Scientific inquiry is the most
Levelling thing on earth;
It punctures pretence and tears away masks
With democratic mirth.

XX

WHILE Invention is building new highways
For ideas and men,
The Social Atheists 'view with alarm' ⁷
The shifting social ken.

They denounce the dawning development
They cannot understand,
And believe they 'should' make of the not-Self
The Big Drum of the band.

With minds not narrowed by knowledge, they
tilt
At everything in sight,
As tho' the Almighty had botched His job,
And boggled wrong and right.

They blame this and that social violence;
But ever fail to see
The healing influence at work thro' all
That makes for unity.

They seem as powerless to comprehend
The freedom of the time
As their English brothers in 'Twenty-five
That called steam-cars 'a crime':

When the art of Stephenson gave to Life
The locomotive-fact,
There were those that affirmed it would frighten
The cows along the track!

The mere stage-coaches of literature,
Seen of the primal need,
They lacked the unified consciousness
To trace the thought in deed.

But while the Social Atheists babble
(And Babblers always shirk),
Self-interest, the duct of Sympathy,
Does its appointed work.

XXI

THE powerful prepossessions of men
Prevent their seeing clear,
So that the newer governing organs
Are met with wakeful fear.

Instantaneous communication

Forbids the static dream

That the State is a single-centred thing,

A fixed and ' finished ' scheme.

Democracy is not single-centred

As formless minds have taught,

New centres of regulation arise,

By new conditions wrought.

The new conditions compel new views

Of government and life,

For each classification of Commerce

Brings order out of strife.

Effective action turns upon the fact.

'T is pleasant to be right,

In the little thing, as the larger need

When nations strip for fight.

XXII

EVERY normal enterprise upon earth
Involves the common good,
For each is an organ of government
If rightly understood.

It is Commerce, and Commerce! all the time,
And has been thro' the years;
The Self and the general good are touched
With kindred hopes and fears.⁸

The elective Washington government
Types the old English king,
In its harassing Trust legislation
To which the law courts cling.

Men see the State as a separate fact
(As King John thought he saw !),
And the 'public' and 'private' are set apart
In politics and law.

The false separation between the two
Must pass from ordered Life
To the end that free action may follow,
With less unsocial strife.

XXIII

THE American Runnymede is on
In law courts of the land
Where the old and jealous elective king
Is juggling for command.

It is there the battle is being fought,
For there the verdicts wait
To clear the new organs of government
That clutch the keys of State.

The play of the governing principle
Compels the larger view;
But the recognition must come thro' the courts
To rule the action true.

As the court was the first legislature,
So it will be the last,
Unless the new State is to plagiarize
The folly of the past.

When Warwick, the king-maker, failed to note
The old conditions fade,
He went down in the crush of the newer thought,
And was himself unmade.

XXIV

THE tangle of statute must yield to Law.
Self-government is near,
For the play of the Self protects the whole —
When the parts are in gear.

The decaying juridic ideas
That block industrial change
Will be brushed aside by the newer need
Till Trade has room to range.

The Law is no longer a static thing
Pent in a narrow groove,
And shackled to timorous precedent
Without the grit to move :

'T is the marching, moulding intelligence
That strikes offenders down ;
'T is the bodyguard of integrity
That justice waits to crown :

It moves in the changeful movement of Life,
With freed conditions fraught ;
Still questing for the inviolate fact —
The arbiter of thought.

XXV

As progress is from private to public,
The semi-public stage
Is the interregnum that troubles men
Ere Science sets the gauge.

The recognized organs of government
Reveal the Self in deed ;
The post-office, army, and court of law,
Mark the collective need ;

But the unrecognized organs, also,
Are government in kind,
Tho' denied of the Social Atheist
That lacks the moving mind.

At one time the coining of money
Was wrought by private hand,
Ere the increasing communication
Gave the new State command.

The telephone and the telegraph lines
Will come in time to be
But extensions of the post-office Trust,
When functioned full and free :

The Communication system must reach
To unity at last,
For the separate and the sundered thing
Is of the storied past.

XXVI

THE compelling commercial unities
Loom large on every hand
As incoming organs of government
To regulate the land.

They are all a part of society
And to be treated so,
Or the war cry of a false socialism
Will work the nation's woe.

The Trust is in line with the verities,
And verities succeed,
While the bankrupt trader of retail-mind
Laments the larger need.

Any Trust not based on a social want
Will meet its factless fate
In the march of the keen competition
That builds the better State.

In current trade wars of supremacy
That focus public gaze,
The public forgets that in every war
The lonesome loser pays.

The limit of commercial government
Is that which limits all —
The need of being infallibly right
When stern Occasions call.

XXVII

IN the fading English statute-books
The Act may still be found
That forbade the forming of partnerships
On any English ground:

It was said that they boded woeful harm
To individual need!
And that is the one continuing thought
Of the false-social creed.

The great English industrial barons —
The Trust men of their day —
Grew tired of the old king's exactions,
And drew the sword to slay:

Then spurious authority vanished
Before the show of fact,
And the Strong Men and their associates
Wrested the right to act.

That is armoured Democracy's lesson
When read between the lines;
With a freer commercial suggestion
Than history assigns.

It is the old denial of freedom
To individual rights,
That spurs the militant, triumphing Self
To proud, heroic fights.

XXVIII

THE new Title Guarantee companies
Reveal the restful rise
Of the competent governing organs
That men of insight prize.

The old, blundering register of deeds
Could only be displaced
By inventing a scientific tool,
With surer system graced.

The Guarantee people bet on their facts,
And back their point of view;
As infallible Science guards the game
To keep the action true.

XXIX

THE Bank is an organ of government
That moves the ordered way,
For its clearing-house legislature meets
And functions, day and day.

There the private and public good are seen
Serenely unified,⁹
In a legislature where all 'bad' bills
Are lightly tossed aside.

The publicity is so absolute
That rim with centre vies;
Intelligence identifies as law,
And lies are stamped as lies.

The new clearing-house form of government
Can't be divorced from right,
For the pretty reason that fact and act
Are parallel in sight.

The main-governing centre of money
Is where the news is known;
And as country banks report to New York,
It rules the fiscal throne.

XXX

THE system of credit clearing-houses
Now clears the credit fact
By reporting thro' all its centres
A buyer's last known act.

When the trading firms of a given line
Clear all their credit news,
The totalling of the collated facts
Clinches the credit clues.

The old mercantile agency gossips
Traded in talk and guess.
The clearing-house system trades in the fact,
And stops at fact, no less.

It is not what the buyer says or thinks;
But what he does that breeds.
The ledger tosses opinion aside,
And tells of moving deeds.

A 'rating' is old in forty-eight hours,
And pointless in a day,
For the newer action compels new thought,
And thrusts the old away.

So the out-of-date credit reporting
Lacked systematic rule
In that it merely perverted the fact,
Without a guiding tool.

The newspapers mangle intelligence
As credit news was wrought
Ere Science invented the clearing-house,
And mastered credit thought.

XXXI

The Railway Traffic Association

Is organ of the whole,

Tho' the elective king bars its function,

And fights it for control :

The result is but railway confusion

Divorced from guiding will.

When the railways legislate for themselves

They do so with some skill.

Would fifty or more traffic managers

Allow a warring one

To peril the interest of the class,

When all was said and done ?

With intelligence properly organized,

The rapid, railway mind

Would pillory the rebel offender

As outcast of his kind.

If the new State were not organic,
A railway could not be
Compelled to haul a competitor's car
That action might be free.

XXXII

THE labour Trusts are governing organs,
And will be more and more
As their captains, fronting the larger need,
The larger law explore.

Some brilliant ability is required
To mould two million men
In a compact and working unity
With but a single ken.

That not three in ten of the wage-takers
Are so far organized ;
But proves that concurrent majorities
Are not to be despised.

When every wage-taker is in a Trust,
As science men would like,
The current confusion will disappear
With 'lockouts' and the 'strike.'

Then the money chief and the labour chief,
Unswayed by hate or fear,
May bring all of their facts to a centre,
And rule the action clear.

XXXIII

THE future of the joint-stock principle
Is one with that of wage,
And both are involved in the settlement
Of pensions for old age.

In the oncoming wage arbitrations,
The labour men may plead
The justice point in the dividend rate,
As well as labour's need.

When the wage rate is to be reckoned with,
So is the dividend;
The governing principle cuts both ways
For equity to fend.

If the 'right' to discharge a wage-taker
By the wage-paying side
Without the consent of a labour Trust,
Is still to be denied:

Then the wage-payer has another 'right,'
And that must clearly be
That no wage-taker shall quit his task
Till those that hire agree.

The one 'right' is as fair as the other,
The two go hand in hand;
And the sooner the factions free the fact,
The better for the land.

XXXIV

THE wage-payer that fears the labour Trusts
Is facing from the sun,
For the broader sweep of the principle
Has only now begun.

To deny to the men that do the work
A unity of act,
Is to follow the Social Atheist
That tries to strangle fact.

The injunction tool in the wage disputes
That labour captains fear,
Is a tool to be forced to the limit
Till every fact is clear:

Not part of the facts; but all of the facts
That enter in the cause,
Till the real relationship rises
To shape the equal laws.

While the theorists talk arbitration
As tho' 't were something new,
The law courts are all arbitration courts
From any point of view.

That the labour Trusts will incorporate
Is simple common sense,
The Self-interest dictates the action
For reasons of defence.

The child labour in factories will cease
Because it does not pay;
A style of preachment Morality loves
And uses, day and day.

XXXV

THE proposal to change the present form
Of the organic State
Thro' the hurried count of noses alone,
Was sired by social hate.

The delicate organs of control
Are never changed that way;
As some Gallic Social Atheists learned
When reason went astray.

It is the maddest exaggeration
That ere afflicted thought,
Of the absolute majority myth
By droning dreamers taught.

Until intelligence is organized
Thro' the diurnal pen,
The Cheerful Idiot will hoist the flag
Invented by the men

That conceive the interest of the whole
As turning on one fact,
And overlook the diversified needs
Compelling each class act.

The controlling organs of government
Are only one in kind;
But their complexity of interest
Has to be borne in mind.

XXXVI

THE sense of a sovran community
Is taken in two ways:
Thro' the risen right of suffrage alone,
The mere nose-counting phase,

Or thro' the clear right of the organism,
That passes in review
The manifold interests of the class —
The antient and the new.

Each plan collates the majority sense;
But the concurrent form
Votes interest along with the number,
And seeks the social norm.

The numerical method cannot mark
The movement of the class ;
And that movement has to be reckoned with
In movements of the mass.

XXXVII

THE theorists talk of majorities
As tho' there were but one
(And that the conventional nose-count !)
In all the grill o' the sun.

The profound distinction between the two,
When overlooked or lost,
Has foundered many a Ship of State
And left it tempest-tost.

The Socialist propaganda, so-called,
That threatens the smiling land,
Is largely an anti-social crusade
To cripple Self-command.

The work of the unreal reformer
Rarely outlives its day,
For the superstitions that tire each age
Pass, with the age, away.

XXXVIII

THE peddling of ballots to every man
Is not the destined reach
That a scientific Democracy
Has to pursue or teach.

Democracy is a means, not an end :
The end is moral right ;
And the usurpations of ' government '
But bar men from the light.

The universal suffrage idea
Is meeting with some strain
Thro' the complexity of interest
That makes the nose-count vain.

Already in careful localities
The ballot is hedged round
With proper and pleasing precautions
To keep the action sound.

The legislature, as elective king,
Quite often fails thro' strife
To re-present the free play of the Selves
That called it into life.

As no legislature can 'make' the law,
The living facts make all;
Tho' unnoted of washed and unwashed mobs
When politicians bawl.

An Act of Congress that contravened
The scientific side,
Would be ruled *ultra vires* by the courts,
And sovrantry denied.

The political system will meet reform
When Commerce cares to lead
With daily intelligence organized
Beyond the stomach-need.

XXXIX

THE essential truth of the universe,
No clashing creeds can maim,
Is that perfect Idea of Unity
Christ perished to proclaim.

'T is the death of the unrelated Self,
The key of wider mind,
That makes for order and perennial peace
With all of humankind.

The glad lesson of the Resurrection
Shows men must die to live;
And pass thro' the graves of their old, dead
Selves
To what the new Selves give.

The unrelated are but bonden slaves :

Only the bond are free.

Life floods with freedom the minds that live

The Law of Unity.

One God, and one law, and one rounded whole,

Compel the sure success

That makes the problem of the whirling world

Perplex poor mortals less.

XL

WHEN the bonny Blue Flag went down in blood,

The fighting men conceived

That the final slave was bought at a price,

And all good things achieved.

With the vanishing years they have come to see

Man's slavery as fact,

That cannot be 'settled' by sullen guns,

Or Proclamation Act.

Only his chance may be given to man ;
 Whatever freedom comes
Must come thro' the play of the wider Self,
 Divorced from flags and drums.

The thing called Freedom is freedom to act,
 No State can make it more.
Nothing for nothing, is Nature's decree —
 The whole of human lore.

Equality is the right to advance
 Along an ordered line :
A privilege that of itself is naught —
 Tho' in the use, divine.

XLI

AMERICA is grinding its colours :
 Patient, tempered, austere :
Unheeding the clamour of surging class,
 Untouched with doubt or fear.

The style is set, and the studies all made,
Of witcheries serene,
For the stateliest social masterpiece
This gallant world has seen.

The clean thought of the marching Republic
Will never go astray
Thro' the chatter of Social Atheists
That line the Right of Way:

For the Strong Sons are still in possession,
As strong men always are;
What the Weaklings deem the portent of doom
Is but the morning star.

All that saving Equality stands for,
All that gives Freedom grace,
Must turn, in the end, on the ordered fact —
Face unto living face.

When the full play of Life is reported,
Democracy will rise
To a newer birth and a nobler aim
Below the Western skies.

XLII

THE real man of letters is *en route*,
To laughing Truth he clings:
He has turned from the mummery of words
To poetry of things.

The Choice of the Will in the old, good Cause,
Front-fighter of his kind,
He marks, with an insight that 'sees life whole,'
The chainless march of mind.

Ah, long was the way, and tragic the halts,
From out old wrong to right:
With glory of manhood and surge of swords
Till right itself was might:

Till the hemlock, the cross, and flame-girt stake,
Of falsehood foul were past,
And essential Truth had come to her own,
Her healing own, at last.

The trail of the triumph is dark with blood;
But action crowns the whole.
The mob and the monarch have lost their power
To still the seeing soul.

XLIII

THE fretful chaos in literature
Need vex no genial thought;
It is not the world but the book-writer
That has to be re-taught.

Who fails to pass thro' the books unto Life
And use them as his tools,
Is a slave to the tyranny of words,
And one of letters' fools:

When he hopes to fashion a book from books,
His usefulness is past,
For the touch of truth is the touch of life,
And will be to the last.

Since the colour-worker in words essayed
To shape the perfect phrase;
But three kinds of books have been given birth
To cheapen blame or praise.

The Force book, the Play book, and Reference
book —
The simple three, no more —
Compose the reorganized library
Of sound, artistic lore.

By the use of the universal key —
With common sense as tool —
Every work is easily classified,
Despite its claim or school.

Many books that masqueraded for long
As leaders of new thought,
Have been used to kindle the kitchen fires —
Unhonoured and unsought.

While some that were scarcely noticed or read,
Now with the classics smile,
By the side of the masters of Man Talk,
Whose words are winged with style.

And others once noted as Play books
Are seen at last to be
The Force books of the Liberation War
That set the Spirit free.

Apart from the growing Reference books
That busy Science breeds,
The Force books and Play books are ever few
That fit the keener needs:

For nine-tenths of them all are shot-rubbish
Of unrelated mind —
The loud, God-gifted, hand-organ voices
That charm the colour-blind.

XLIV

THE newspaper men of the passing hour
Deny that truth would pay,
And, flouting the God of Life as It Is,
Crucify Christ each day.

In the food trade or the chemical line,
Pure quality is thought
To insure the larger and lasting sale,
Thro' Self-interest wrought;

But in the news, or intelligence, trade,
Diurnal dealers claim
That adulteration makes for success,
And aids the dollar game.

And so they leaven their daily wares
By colouring the fact,
In the quaint belief that to doctor it
Is proof of business tact.

In the place of reports are opinions,¹⁰
And the rude Faction lie
Coined in convenient anonymity;
But wounding low and high.

XLV

THE journals of the Tar and Feather school
Have home-grown rules of right,
And keep parties of private assassins
To murder fames at sight.

In the narrowing confines of their crawl
They are as rank a crew
As ever assailed a soaring career,
Or made the false seem true.

It never occurs to the Sewer guild
That he who saves his soul
May merit a flashing head-line far more
Than one that Crimes control :

The proud picture of virtue triumphant
Is painted void of charm ;
But how they chortle in vulgar glee
At virtue come to harm !

XLVI

THE Obvious has been so exhausted
That change itself is stale ;
And yet no two of the Bludyers agree
However brief the tale.

They handle the free play of politics,
O'er which ' reformers ' snore,
As one would write of a base-ball game
That never gave the score.

And Commerce is seen as a swindling match
Where only thieves succeed,
With a premium on dishonesty
To crown the cluttered creed.

And every great captain of industry,
With genius for command,
Is conceived as a social pariah
That preys upon the land.

And each 'poor' man is the victim of 'greed':
And each 'rich' man 'a foe':
While the social system is but a 'fraud'
Built up of labour's 'woe.'

Immersed in opinion they fail to note
The daring of the day
That gives to the individual need
Freedom to serve or sway.

They affect to fear multiform dangers
No writer can make plain,
And from false premise to wrong conclusion,
Chorus a sunset strain.

XLVII

YET other journals as freely assert
That civic griefs are bred
Of the 'overpaid, opulent' labour
That lacks 'a guiding-head.'

This brand of 'intelligence' claims to see
In the wage-paying class,
Worn society's only salvation
From 'the insurgent mass.'

As the 'heaven-born rich' are the angels
That toil for others' joy,
The 'dishonest poor' are pictured as knaves
That struggle to destroy:

So the 'rich' are warned to organize
Thro' fear of labour's 'greed ;'
While labour is threatened with penalties
For unity of deed.

Apart from the largest advertisers
Few courtesies are shown,
Since genius is the talent of the dead,
And simple faith unknown!

Each cackling class interest has 'organs'
To preach its parish plan ;
But the general interest has none
In all the Wrangling Clan.

XLVIII

THE phrase 'independent journalism'
Is only so much bleat
To mystify with Pecksniffian cant
The plain man in the street.

There was more of quality in the news
Some fifty years ago
Than, with all their prattle of 'progress,'
The current journals show.

The modern newspaper has come to be
A kind of pedler's pack,
With less grip of Life's moving unities
Than rules the pedler's clack.

The clean sense of convincing relation
Is wholly lost to view
In the hodge-podge of undigested slop
Served in the daily stew.

XLIX

THE thought of integrity in news
(The truth entirely freed)
Is one with the notion of government —
The social daily need,

Communication parallels Commerce,
And Commerce, or the State,
Never reaches full organization
Till all the facts are 'straight.'

The unreflective action of men
Is ever in advance
Of him whose trade is to put it in words —
While viewing it askance!

To profess that fact cannot be ordered
Thro' systematic plan,
Is an insult to the unified mind
Of any thinking man:

In the work of buying and selling it,
Ignorance is a crime,¹¹
For the basic questions of social peace
Hinge on fact all the time.

L

WHEN the arch-thief Tweed had looted New
York

Of everything in sight,
The newspapers bragged of 'exposing' him
Thro' turning on the light.

Under proper news organization
No Tweed could last an hour,
For scientific municipal news
Would part him from his power.

'T is easy to write of a broken bridge
After the bridge is down;
But the task of Science is to foretell
Its falling to the Town.

To picture the play of Self-interest
As unrelated deed,
Is to overlook organization
Thro' unity of need.

LI

THE machinery of intelligence
Is everywhere in place ;
But the management of the news itself
Lacks the accordant grace.

The new wireless message, and telegraph,
The talking telephone,
The web printing-press, and the linotype,
Are in relation shown ;

But the ordering of the daily fact
Has not advanced in kind,
For the peddling of Rumour and Gossip
Is not the work of mind.

The thought has failed to keep step with the
thing,
And so the task of might
Is in charge of the crude Opportunists
That Science has to fight.

The growing ease of communication
To full and ordered act
Permits and compels the intelligence trade
To level-up with fact.

While the pathways of thought unto object
Are being cleared for men,
Shall Science halt at the news-path of Life
Where Chaos has her den?

LII

IN a trial for murder by poison,
Chemist, jury, and judge,
Type the perfect division of labour,
From social chief to drudge.

The Chemist stands for the fact in the case —
The Science, if you will —
For he alone can order the fact
With certainty of skill.

The intelligence law identifies
 As constituting-fact,
And identifies just in proportion
 As mind is free to act.

Science has to single and systematize,
 And lodge in ordered hands,
The universal division of labour
 For which the Chemist stands.

When the system is seen in relation,
 Thro' unobstructed rule,
The full facts may be brought to a centre,
 With intelligence as tool.

Then the raw, unrelated Reporters
 Will yield to science men
That can fashion the fire-new expression —
 Thro' the diurnal pen —

For the larger and lordlier action
That lacks the clearing creed
Of the imperious regulation
That fits the social need.

LIII

Ye shall know the truth, said the clear-eyed
Christ,
And truth shall make you free.
But to free the truth is the daily task
Of those that think — to see.

While a constructive force, the mind of man,
Is moving to its ends,
Only organization frees the truth
To which sound knowledge tends.

The ordering of Science in common,
The clearance of the act,
Will force the news system to legislate,
Or register, the fact.

The electric wire and the telephone
Provide the easy way
To caucus class interests far and near,
And vote them day and day.

So the government, which is all Commerce,
May grip the needs of Life,
Till the futile friction 'twixt word and deed
Has ceased to father strife.

Then the fact shall be organ of the whole ;
But governed by the rule
Of the careful, concurrent majority,
To check the Common Fool !

Which action, again, to be workable,
And with fair reason chime,
Has to turn on the rulings of Science,
Ordered in space and time.

No problem is settled beyond debate
By the nose-count alone;
Nor thro' the brute force of the paid police ¹²
That either side may own.

LIV

THE greatest 'sensation' is that of truth,
The lie is never bold,
For the surface 'sensation' is timid
If inner truth is told.

There are seldom two sides to a question,
There's only the inside;
As the social surgeons will gently prove
When fact is opened wide.

The low-thoughted and rowdy 'sensations'
Are trivial and tame
In contrast with those that the truth would free
To fend the higher aim.

The news captain is certain to appear,
And when he comes in sight
He will drive out the bungler and brawler,
As day displaces night.

LV

THE commanding thought of integrity
Is rising clear and true;
The mid-stage evolution of Commerce
Invites the honest view.

As intelligence is commodity,
Dealers must understand
That it pays to guard with a jealous care
The honour of the brand:

Not thro' the force of a moral precept,
Or fear of future pain;
But because the truth line traces the way
Unto the larger gain.

To re-port a thing is to take it back
 To the diviner light,
To the play of the governing principle
 That stakes the course aright.

The Printing-press is the Altar of God :
 Its parish is the world :
For the sovran Fact goes its regal way
 By steam and lightning hurled.

LVI

EDUCATION is contact with ordered life.
 The telephone is tool ;
When it kisses the teacher's tactful lips,
 Children will run *to* school.

Normal life is to enter the class-room,
 Touched with its care and play,
With 'all of the news that is fit to print '
 As text-book of the day.

The Self may be put into relation
Since Science found the key,
So the children wise of the Second Birth
Need teachers that can see.

To note what is nearest the naked eye
Is still the trying task,
For behind the appearance is moving mind,
The face is but the mask.

As the great globe is nothing but spirit,
So the spirit in man
Holds the healing magic that lights it up
With unity of plan.

Not in Nature but in the observer
Are mystery and worth,
For none may see more, or less, than himself
In all the rounded earth.

Till a child can give back to its teacher
A thing in terms of mind,
Neither teacher nor pupil has functioned,
And training is to find.

The dignity of toil has to be shown
In its related place,
And the eager elective kings appraised
In service to the race.

While the Altruists gabble of virtue
For virtue's sake alone,
As tho' a deflection from virtue's path
Would lead to mammon's throne;

As fact may be taught in the newer light,
True Selfness points the way,
For an honest action involves reward
As sundawn does the day.

LVII

THE question of women's 'equality'
Turns on their mental ken;
There are royal and radiant spirits
That dwarf the porcine men:

And those women are never co-equal
With men of mindless might;
They rank as convincing superiors
By every rule of sight.

The much-daring marriage of maid to man
Is but a social pact;
And the law very properly functions
To advertise the fact:

So the mutual parties serve notice
What unity has done,
To the end that mim-mouthed Society
May treat the two as one.

The sacrament is in the relation,
Not in the verbal creed ;
For if the relationship dies the death,
They are divorced indeed.

Remains to publish the truth to the world,
(As is the social due),
Thro' the courts of record the law provides,
And then — the one makes two.

LVIII

THE dream has been of developing Self
Since man took note of man,
And the voice of the Vision has whispered
In every kosmic plan.

The moving principle in mortals all
Has two aspects in mind ;
But the play of the narrow and wider Self
Is only one in kind.

'T is the story of the Ninety and nine,
Told of the straying sheep
That was wandering out of relation,
With none to guard or keep:

The Good Shepherd went thro' the mental night,
And down Death's darkling glen,
To find the Principle that was lost
And give it back to men.

LIX

So the Self is universal organ
In ideal and fact,
For the God-principle ever functions
Thro' individual act.

In the politics of the Altruists
(Fast falling out of date)
It is sought to take the mainspring from Life,
And order from the State:

They conceive the play of Self-interest
As counter to the whole;
And in that point of view are not Christians,
For mind has lost control.

They ever see two individuals
In 'vice' or 'virtue' clad,
In place of the one individual
That may be 'good' or 'bad.'

The bad and the good are questions of fact, —
Man's attitude to life;
He is 'good' when in ordered relation,
And 'bad' when torn with strife.

The poor crucified thief of the morning
Saw things thro' alien eyes,
But ere nightfall he found the relation
That brought him paradise.

The lack of the governing principle
Had made the man a clod
Till Jesus awakened the wider Self
That passed, in peace, to God.

LX

THE long hope of the sanguine ' reformer '
To legislate ' bad ' men
To the love and practice of virtue
Thro' a stroke of the pen,

Traces back to the exaggeration
Of single-centred rule,
That conceived of mortals, viewed in the mass,
As the Collective Fool.

Vast numbers of people do not believe
(As yet, at any rate)
In the freedom of the social body
That constitutes the State:

They only believe in the ' good ' police,
And turning-off the light,
Or the old-style suppression thro' statute
Of every sin in sight.

The tale of legislative oppression
Needs tracing to its source,
To the end that publicity may preclude
The waste of social force.

A convincing ground-movement to compel
Statutory reform,
Would give the voters a new idea,
And take the Towns by storm.

LXI

FIFTY years of excessive repression
Of gambling, lust, and ' drink,'
Have resulted in failure so flagrant
As to make State men think.

The attempt has failed ; but has left behind

A premium on vice,

That the police, corrupted thro' statute,

Is eager to entice.

The twist in the policy would corrupt

The best police on earth,

For it violates the Law of the Self

That rules men from their birth.

The police is the victim of statutes

That legislatures pass

Thro' the bleat of the Social Atheists —

The statute-breeding class.

The ill-advised ' regulations ' are drawn

To glad a given view,

And are left unenforced to soothe the cry

Of still another crew ;

But thro' their spasmodic resurrection
By the 'reforming' craft,
Has come the corrupting development
Of the policemen's 'graft.'

LXII

THE antient, eternal duel of Sex
No statute can suppress,
Tho' the legislation of hypocrites
Aids blackmail more or less.

Any speculator is a gambler,
And one that locks the doors
Is no 'worse' than one that juggles with stock
Upon the open Bourse.

The problem of 'drink' will settle itself,
As every problem must;
The chronic drunkard is shunned by his class,
And blackballed by the Trust.

An Illinois statute that lingers on,
Makes it a penal crime
To hire or harbour a coachman that 'drinks,'
At any place or time!

As a matter of plain, prosaic fact,
Drunkards are turned away
Because their retention is troublesome,
And does not please or pay.

So that is the law which governs the case,
The sure, restraining guide,
That, one with the play of the watchful Self,
Will never be denied.

LXIII

THE social body needs freedom to move,
Tho' painful Prudes may scoff,
The statutes but hamper the larger law —
The old clamps must come off.

Unless Lady Nature denies men wit
To fend their lives from flaw,
Their immediate surroundings are ever
The true restraining law.

The timid sense of danger called justice
May turn the Fool from strife;
But this wholesome restraint as to conduct
Comes of contact with life.

Neither men nor women are angels yet,
Utopia is far,
And the call is to shun the impossible,
And see Things as They Are.

True morality passes by the point
Of the prevailing creed,
To face, with the logic of all the facts,
The living social need.

The preachers of perfectibility
For our imperfect race
Have a touching faith in its wickedness
And lack of saving grace.

Will it never occur to the meddler,
Warring in idle ways,
That most men are 'good,' as 'reformers' are,
Simply because it pays?

LXIV

THE common notion of brotherly love
(By dreamers understood)
Makes it a condition of Utopia,
Where every man is 'good.'

When told that a given mortal is 'good,'
Science says: *Good for what?*
As the unrelated, or barren, 'good'
Is touched with moral rot:

While to speak or write of Utopia
 Betrays the static thought
That has no place in a universe
 With ceaseless motion fraught.

The *Do unto others as you would have*
 The others do to you,
That Altruists quote to clinch their creed,
 And clear their muddled view,

Is the most Selfish maxim yet uttered
 In all the tides of Time,
For Christ is as scientific and sane
 As is the Thought sublime.

There lurks in it the brave definition
 Of true brotherly love,
Whether in the Study, or busy Mart
 Or by the 'stream of Dove':

It is IDENTITY OF INTEREST

That lights the ordered ways;
Men love each other thro' no maudlin bleat —
They love because it pays!

With this accepted, the spiritual power
Reveals itself as fact,
And enters into the life of the world
To shape the kindly act.

It is the breaking down of convention
And gay divorce from cant,
That sweep to the merciful Silences
The old, unsocial rant.

The word ' unselfish ' will fade from the books
In tales of peace and strife,
As it stands for that unthinkable thing —
' Disinterest ' in Life.

Who denies the unity principle

That Jesus taught the race,

Is crucified by it upon the spot,

Without a moment's grace.

That is the Law of the Spirit in Man,

Of which the Force books tell,

For in mind is the highest heaven he knows,

In mind, his lowest hell.

LXV

As all sound Religion is one with life,

Mind is divining-rod ;

The age of the Symbol is passing out,

Men crave the living God :

No mummery of the Dead Hand decree

Divorces Him from life.

Gone is the lesion of a ' good ' apart,

That bred unrest and strife.

The true Churches are ordered of unity,
And one Thought rules the whole.
The triple confusion has ceased to cloud
The answer-searching soul :

For the law that the honest preachers hold
That trade in saving grace,
Is one with him that tracks the marching Orbs,
And thinks in time and space.

Religion is sweeter since men perceived
The monstrous moral crime
Of teaching a fixity in the world
That 's moving all the time.

The mind of man is no dual affair
As Primitives have taught,
With an air-tight and cosy compartment
For theologic ' thought ' :

It is open to every fact of Life
By new conditions timed,
For nothing is sacred beneath the sun
Save integrity of mind.

LXVI

My God is not of a ghostly Beyond,
Throned in a golden seat;
Ah! one is He with the Spirit of Life,
And nearer than kneeling feet.

And here, where He is, is heaven to some,
The happy, placeless state
That is born of the clearing consciousness,
Untouched with chance or fate.

It is plain to see that each passing day
Is Judgment Day to all,
As the wider Self struggles for freedom,
And inner Voices call.

No asphodel blooms in the gracious land,
No seraphs haunt the place;
But the joy of a Growing Purpose lights
The glory of its face.

EPILOGUE

WHAT is truth? cried the curious Pilate,
And would not pause reply.
The twentieth wave of the ages waits
The answer to that cry.

But the sad and solemn Grave is voiceless,
And Purple Distance dumb.
Trust in God! the unfaltering answer
Shall yet of Science come.

Without pity or ethic pretension

She plows up weed and briar,

And no corner shall fail of her furrows

To stead the World's Desire.

From her measured and slow-moving footsteps

Grow corn and healing flowers,

And to limit her ultimate conquests

Is not for finite Powers.

NOTES

NOTE 1, PAGE 4.

The unities thro' Commerce are forming.

'THIS commerce is a giant clock-work process, compared with which the old sea-traffic is as crude as the Columbus clock to current time-pieces. It is an evolution that gives promise of far greater complexity, of becoming a system of members so delicate that not one invoice can go astray but the loss shall be known and appreciated by the whole organism. Contrast this era with the dying age of sea-traffic: the era of publicity and logic, with the age of secrecy, of mystery and myth, when the loss of a great ship was a vague, far-off calamity, that only years could verify. It is an evolution of childhood into manhood; of boyish dreams into manly ambitions.'

NOTE 2, PAGE 6.

*A crystal thought is the concept that rose
Thro' study of man's frame.*

'THE State organization projected by man must necessarily have been patterned, in respect of its mode of working, after that of his own body. The government of the human body

is comprised in the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal nervous systems, which operate as a unity in relation to a common end. The cerebro-spinal system identifies as the legislature, or law-finding organ, of the human body, its function being to search out and co-ordinate the particular environment of each individual that clear direction may result, and this whether the problem is to measure time through the science of astronomy, to invent the steam-engine, or to keep a dinner appointment. The sympathetic nervous organization, with the solar plexus as central office, identifies as the banking system of the human body, its function being to direct and control the nutrition of the body as a physical organism. Having regard to the government, or regulation, of the social body, interest centres in the development of the legislature or parliament, and the bank. The legislature corresponds to the cerebral nervous system in the human body, while the machinery of banking, with the clearing-house as controlling centre, identifies as the government of the sympathetic or nutritive system.' — *Franklin Ford*.

NOTE 3, PAGE 9.

Commerce is the moving Spirit of Man.

THE hour has gone by for serious writing on the social question built up of hard and fast distinctions between principal and interest. Some writers profess to see on one side profit-sharing, and on the other what they are pleased to call co-operation. The distinction exists only in the books ; it is not

a fact of Life. There are not commerce and co-operation. It is all commerce. A given division of labour may be brought to greater co-operation; but only through making it more commercial.

NOTE 4, PAGE 13.

The division but marks the relation.

‘GOD will deliver the world over to divisions.’ — *Hebrew Bible.*

NOTE 5, PAGE 16.

It is only division of labour.

DIVISION of labour in social organization has been recognized in a partial way for over a century; but it is only now that the full sweep of the principle is reaching recognition. The best that Mr Adam Smith could do in his day was to write of the division in a given industry, as in the making of pins. With telephonic conditions, the whole business of government classifies under the principle. In this light the social body is disclosed as object; the various functions in the State are one with the organs of commerce.

NOTE 6, PAGE 22.

Direct rule by the individual

Is passing into act.

‘UP to this day we have allowed to statesmen a paramount social standing. . . . We cannot extend this deference to

them any longer. The secret cannot be kept that the seats of power are filled by underlings, ignorant and timid to a degree to destroy all claim, excepting that on compassion, to the society of the just and the generous. . . . Their vocation is a presumption against them among well-meaning people. The superstition respecting office is going to the ground. The stream of human affairs flows its own way, and is very little affected by the activity of legislators. What great masses of men wish done, will be done; and they do not wish it for a freak; but because it is their state and natural end. There are now other energies than brute force, other than political, which no man can in future allow himself to disregard. There are direct conversation and influence. A man is to make himself felt by his proper force. The tendency of things runs steadily to this point, namely, to put every man on his merits, and to give him so much power as he naturally exerts — no more, no less. Of course, the timid and base persons, all who are conscious of no worth in themselves, and who owe all their place to the opportunities which the old order of things allowed them, to deceive and defraud men, shudder at the change, and would fain silence every honest voice, and lock up every house where liberty and innovation can be pleaded for. They would raise mobs, for fear is very cruel. But the strong and healthy yeomen and husbands of the land, the self-sustaining class of inventive and industrious men, fear no competition or superiority. Come what will, their faculty cannot be spared.' — *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

NOTE 7, PAGE 25.

The Social Atheists 'view with alarm.'

THERE be that have mused over the traditional notion of representative government to an extent that neutralizes their natural wit. With them, one must 'go to the legislature' to be a representative. Failing to distinguish the individual as organ of the God-principle, their cult amounts to social atheism. In the complex movement of Life each person is, in aspect, day and day a representative, as a common principle runs through all, that of the mind itself. Having no universal by which to order their facts, the Social Atheists, or Self-styled Socialists, are unable to see Democracy in movement, ever advancing to more effective organization. It is not for them to observe the wondrous pageantry of action, to note the point gained and from that to mark the future. In place of this they have a vague sentimentalism. They like to write of 'the people,' the prepossession being that things are done in some way other than through the individual.

NOTE 8, PAGE 29.

*The Self and the general good are touched
With kindred hopes and fears.*

'No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.' — *Herbert Spencer.*

NOTE 9, PAGE 38.

*There the private and public good are seen
Serenely unified.*

‘WRITERS on the philosophy of politics use the word *individualistic*, and speak of *the individualistic point of view*. The opposite is the organic point of view, though the book-people have not progressed so far, since the phrasing *social organism*, or *social body*, is to them only a metaphor. They are still asking whether there *is* a social body. The plane of fact is beyond them. The idea of an organic, inter-related, banking or credit system flies in the face of the merely individual experience. Thus, for an individual to lend five dollars to a friend, which is to certify the friend’s credit to that extent, the certifier must have saved that much *money*. This presents the so-called individualistic point of view. But the incoming universal banking, whose centres of registry and certification (credit offices) are everywhere, does not need to *save* money at all in order to lend or give credit; it is centre of authority in the money system and, therefore, makes its own instrument (= money) for transferring credit through the universalized (= legalized) check book in the moment of the transaction. The Bank appears as a universal organ *in* the State, or system of organs. Thus we realize the two points of view.’ — *Franklin Ford*.

NOTE 10, PAGE 61.

In the place of reports are opinions.

THE touching feature of current journalism is that the newspaper men 'edit' the news-columns, colouring the daily fact to chime with the particular class interest which they are paid to re-present. They are not content to air opinion in the editorial page alone.

NOTE 11, PAGE 67.

*In the work of buying and selling it,
Ignorance is a crime.*

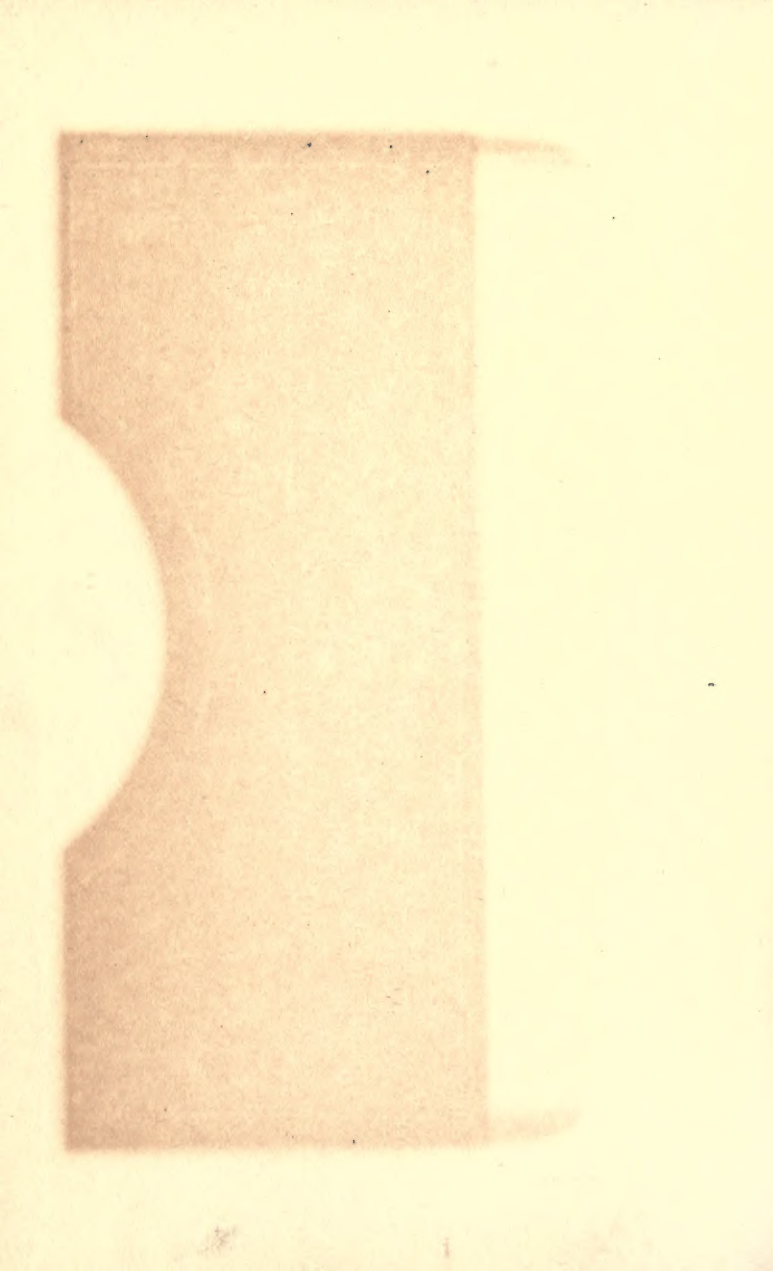
SANGUINE ignorance, which, in matters of morals, extenuates the crime, is itself, in matters of literature, a crime of the first order. The failure to detect the necessity of a new co-ordination, is proof of imposture in the news, or moving intelligence, trade.

NOTE 12, PAGE 74.

*No problem is settled beyond debate
By the nose-count alone ;
Nor thro' the brute force of the paid police.*

'GOVERNMENT began, the social relation came to view, with the appearance of one who was surer and quicker than his

fellows in determining fact, in finding out the way or law. The strong man in the first instance was the direction-finder, the element of physical force being always secondary. At no time could might be entirely separated from right. An instrument of government must at the same time be an organ of intelligence. The soldier or policeman is incidental to any scheme of government; he is an attendant upon the court of arbitration. The *knocker-out* in a hotel is an important personage, relative to the hotel, but he does not direct the business.' — *Franklin Ford*.



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